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*Sept. 1. 1673.*

*Roger L'Estrange.*

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# M. Val. Martialis.

# Spectaculorum LIBER.

## Paraphrais'd.

*Such is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate;*
*That few, but such as cannot write, translate.* Denham.

*LONDON:*
Printed by *H. Bruges*, for *Giles Widdows* at the *Green Dragon in St Pauls Church-yard.* 1674.

G W

# The PREFACE.

SInce a *Preface* is now a daies thought as useful as an *Imprimatur*, and with the Ignorant passes with as much success, as a *Calliopius recensui*; for they think it cannot but be extraordinary good when the *Author* attempts the Defence of his own, contrary to the Rules of Modesty: encourag'd by the Printer I thought it not amiss to waste half a sheet of Paper with Nonsense, the common *face of things of this Nature.* I know very much will be expected from this bold attempt, in whose Defence I cannot use *Mr. Cowley*'s excuse for not turning *Pindar* word for word, *that it would be thought that one Madman had Translated another*; for our *Poet* in himself is *so Sweet and Elegant*, that to make him speak *no more* in *English* then he does in *Latine*, would be to make him speak *less*. For his bare *Expression* is more taking then our *Wit*, and our *Language* however *Copious* enough

might be found *Barren* in expressing the *Roman Idioms*, as he hath order'd 'em. So that not to have ingag'd in this, onely because it is impossible to turn it to advantage, seems to relish of their Discretion, who knowing they cannot merit Heaven desist from all endeavours. And this I guess to have been the onely cause why *Martial* has not had as *good luck* (if I may so Term it) as other *Poets*. *Lucan*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Homer*; and almost all the *Tribe* have spoke our Tongue this great while: He onely as yet hath scarce had so many Epigrams turn'd by all our *Poets* as here. *Cowley* has done two or three, *Sherburn* not many more, and some few others have Selected here and there one of the easiest of them. I could indeed have wish'd I had not made so good a Choice, for had I taken another of his Books (though his worst deserves better, then thus to be spoil'd) I might have

have came off with better ſucceſs. What I have pitch'd upon I may eaſily ſay without venturing the betraying of my Ignorance, are the beſt one and Thirty Epigrams that you ſhall meet withall together in *Martial*, which will eaſily be granted, when 'tis known, He can in none of theſe be tax'd with what *Scaliger* doth *Claudian*, for *debaſing his Poems with the meaneſs of the Subject*. And it would be an unſufferable injury to the dead Poet to think that he having got ſo Noble a Theam, ſhould (as ſome others) diſgrace it with his Poetry. *Titus* having now finiſh'd his *Amphitheatre*, that *Prodigie* of *Art* and *Coſt*, & put it to the uſe deſign'd for it, our Poet, whether for his own Reaſon of *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agas*, or to get *Fame* or *Money*, ſets his Muſe a work for *Ceſar*, to deſcribe and applaud thoſe Sights the *Romans* enjoyed by his Bounty. Sometimes the *Place* is his *Subject*, ſometimes the *Affairs*, of which

which *Carpophorus* that *Roman Almanac*, or seems chief. So far I have spun out, but still am as fearful as a School-boy that my *Theam* is not long enough. And now hand is in, I could find in my heart to write down some stoln Discourse of *Poetry*. 'Twould be a wise way to fill up a *Preface* with a discovery of ones faults, which being taken notice of by the *Author* are defended by the *Reader*, and pass like *Venus's mole*, rather for *beauty spots* than *defects*. But even of this advantage I am depriv'd, fearing the number would too much swell it: for I hate the *Presbyterian way* of saying *Grace* longer than *Dinner*: I see there's no way but to shelter my self under that confounded Lie, *That my Friends* set me on work, I don't care *paid me my wages*, and that *by their importunacy I put it out*. If it please so, if otherwise 'tis to no purpose to damn it; (I'de wish you to have a care because you know not whose 'tis) for that *Lynx*-like use will never discover the *Jupiter*.

*M. Val.*

# *M. Val. Martialis.*

## Spectaculorum

## *LIBER.*

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### *On Cæsar's Amphitheatre.*

*Fame* heard of *Cæsar's* stately Pile, then flew
To th' top; which she, though *wing'd* could (hardly do.
She went to speak, but doubts, she was so high,
Where to direct her speech, to th' Earth or Sky.
At last she cry'd, O *Memphis*, cease t' admire
Thy Pyramid, condemn 'em to the fire, (hide,
From whence they're nam'd, let flames thy folly
Whilst the pale Corps blush at their former pride.
No more proud Queen boast of thy *Babylon*,
Though *Ninus* is, yet *Cæsar's* not outdone.

Thine the laborious effects of *Fear*,
He for his *pleasure* hath outgone you here.
The three faced goddess (seeing this) repines,
Whilst *Cæsar's* hunting place exceeds her shrine.
And the great *Artemesia* grieves to see,
*Mausolus* Tomb surpass'd in bravery.
The *Rhodian Colosse* if compar'd with this,
Looks like a hair of him t' whom sacred 'tis.
Cast up your eyes, it nodding seems to say,
"To *Rome's* great Master, I must yield the day.
The worlds seven *wonders* here contracted be,
And all it's *worthyes*, *Cæsar*, couch'd in thee.

## *On the publick works.*

Here where this lofty *Colosse* now appear's,
Which great *Apollo's* Image bear's:
Which is so high, it seem's to be,
Surer in Heaven placed than he,
And blinds our eyes more than the Deity.

2.

Stood once the envy'd house, of the fierce King,
His Subject's plague, and offering,
Our Citizens did then appear
Scatter'd in each Land here and there,
*Rome* no where to be found, *they* ev'ry where.

3.

hat once a *Fiſhpond* did extend it's brink,
What ſtranger could believe or think,
Where now the *Amphitheâtre* ſtand's
The pride and terror of the Land
building worthy great *Veſpatiân's* hand.

4.

ere where the Baths by *Caſar's ſiat* charg'd
Being ev'ry where with Art enlarg'd.
Seeming from their own Tombs to ſtart,
To us their ſov'reign uſe impart:
Whilſt *Nature's* baffled by her Scholar *Art*.

5.

ill *Nero* pull'd them down, ſtood houſes, built,
To prove it ſeems their Maſters guilt,
Who ſadly in the Suburbs ſit,
Nor would the cruel map admit,
o walk that field which was made out of it.

6.

ere where this ſhady *Porticus* we view;
Built both for uſe and pleaſure too:
Was but the threſhold to the Gate,

Of cruel *Nero*, who by's fate,
At last restor'd to *Rome* it's former state.

7.

*Cæsar* by this shew's he deserves a Throne,
For all his people's joy's his own.
His virtue and his Clemency,
Too well do *Nero's* Guilt descry:
We see things best, when opposites are nigh.

## *On the Concourse of People to salute* Cæsar.

What waves of Men come rowling from afar!
How thick the Myriads are!
Such a confusion did in *Rome* appear
When *Rom'lus* far and near,
Did men in hopes of his *Asylum* win:
The price was only sin;
*Herc'les*, we see, his pillars plac'd amiss
*Rome*, *ne plus ultra* is.
The Natives all from *Hæmus* mount are fled,
As by an *Orpheus* led,
The horse-fed *Tartars* with consent do roam
From their wild home.
So fast you'd swear their spirits did partake
Of that which food they make.
The *Ægyptians* in so large a Troop are spread,
That you can find their head

No

No more, than they of their beloved *Nile*,
The glory of the soil.
Of the *Arabian* spice this troop doth bring,
*Cæsar* an Offering.
Here the *Cilician's* was wet his own showers
Which the hid Fountain pour's:
Sweeter then Rain, and cooler in these sights
*That* troubles, *this* delights.
The *Æthiop* with his Lamb's wool hair doth run,
To greet our rising Sun.
Hence doth a confus'd Jargon alwayes hum
In the great *Burse* of *Rome*,
In this their diverse Dialects agree,
*Es Pater Patria.*

## *To Cæsar on his Banishing the Informers.*

Th' Informers all are to *Jamaica* sent
And (thanks to Mighty *Cæsar*) have,
What they so often gave,
To some a grave,
To some a Banishment.
That they are useless, all must needs allow,
*Cæsar's* so good, none can speak Treason now.

## *On Pasiphae's show.*

That *Jove* did court his Miss in this disguise,
Not like a Deity but Sacrifice,

Who could beleive till *Cæsar* made it plain,
And on the Stage Acted his sin again?
Not to provoke Lust (*Cato*!) 'tis, what then?
To shew what men those Gods, what Gods our (me

## *On a VVoman encountring a Lyon.*

Henceforth no more the Legend we'll approve
That *Diomedes* hurt the Queen of Love,
Our Females can do more,
But that you'l say was on the Emp'rors score.
We easily beleive *Alcides* slew
The *Libyan* Lion and th' *Nemaan* too.
This might have been done when he
Serv'd *Omphale*,
Were he a woman as he seem'd to be,
What cannot our great *Cæsar* do
When women dare such courage shew.
But we (alas!) are quite undone by it,
for *Beauty* and for *wit*,
Men did before, now they for *strength* subm

## *Laureolus's Punishment.*

Bold thief how small a punishment is thine!
Steal fire again, perfect thy first design.
*Laureolus's* pains would strike thee dumb,
Compar'd to thee he suffers *Martyrdome*.
How fiercely the rude Bear, doth on him fly,
As he were conscious of his Villany!

Th

The bloody gobbets panting lye, and thus
Each bit doth seem a whole *Laureolus*.
Now all his Furie's bent upon his heart,
Knowing it seems, it is the noblest part.
Now with erected feet he lifts him high,
As if he boasted to the Bear i'th' Sky.
He first on's *cloaths* his anger did expresse,
But now he robs him of his *nakednesse*. (blood
At last grown drunk with reaking streams of
He leav's him rowling in a purple flood.
What is the fault *Laureolus* has done,
To suffer pains, that he're were thought upon?
Was he a Paricide? did he design,
To counterfeit great *Cæsar's* Royal coyn?
Ravish his mother, or the City burn,
Or any Temple into ashes turn?
Thy pain *Prometheus* is a *Fable*, he,
Give's us the *moral* of thy Tragedy.

## *On Dædalus.*

Whilst *Dædalus* expects the *Lucan* Bear,
Already torn in pieces by his fear;
He wishes for his wings too late,
And envie's *Icarus* his fate:
The Sun's fierce heat he would defie
He could but meet a *Bear* i'th' Sky
If he should higher fly
And that were far the nobler destiny.

## *On the Rhinocerot.*

The noble Beast knowes who he acts before,
'Twere petty Treason should he do
No more,
Then what's prescrib'd by you; (clouts:
With's breath he could unman this man of
Nor do we doubt,
But *Snails* for *Cæsar* could do so,
And vanquish with their slimy horns this foe.

2.

Th' inraged *Rhinocerot* is mad to see,
His once approved strength should slighted be.
And by a proud mistake,
A trembling Bull upon his horn he takes,
And up he throw's him to the Sky,
Which when the Heavenly Bull did spy
He stood upon his guard, and fear'd a Rival nigh.

3.

See how he Plow's the airy field,
The Clouds apace do yield, (plause
We thought the Heav'ns had thundred i'th' ap-
At last we did perceive the noise,
Was the Bull's roaring not their voice.

To see this fight *Cæsar* his time don't lose,
But why the brave *Rhinocerot* did refuse,
To toss the *Pila*, it is only this:
'Cause it with *Royal Colours* vested is.

## *On the Lyon that hurt his Keeper.*

The Royal *Lion* grieves to think
That he of all things else the King,
Should at man's awful presence shrink,
And tamely bear a cudgelling.
Correct's his careful Keeper with a wound,
Whilst through the Den his loud resentments (sound

2.

But Noble *Cæsar* who does hate
Base usurpation in a *Prince*
Corrects the *Lion's* fault too late
And does by's death his pride convince.
What kind of creatures then ought men to be,
When beasts themselves are taught humanity!

## *On the Bear.*

Whilst the swift *Bear* devours the bloody way,
He meets an unexpected slay,
And unawares become's the Hunter's prey.

Jave-

Javelings and hunting-Poles are useless now,
We need nor Spear nor Bow:
Another way the beast to death we woe.

For since this witty Stratagem was found,
Without the help of *British* hound,
I'th' *Air* we catch the *beasts*, the *birds* o'th' *ground*.

## *On a Sow that Pigg'd with a wound.*

Whilst *Cæsar* at the noble sport did sit,
A teeming *Sow* was by an Arrow hit.
She thought her wound from chast *Lucina* came
And so it did, but not the *helping Dame*.
At last the crouding Litter made her feel,
She ow'd those pains unto the bearded steel.
To *Cæsar* then she turn's her dying eyes,
Glorying to fall so brave a sacrifice.
And in thick accents of a parting groan,
Seem'd thus to speak 'ere all her breath was gone.
" 'Tis greater honour far, thus to be slain,
" Then had I fell in *Bona Dea's* fane.
" *Cæsar* himself was brought forth at this rate,
" And his great Mother shar'd my equal fate.
" So *Gorgias* Mother, on her Funeral pile,
" Brought forth, and charg'd the flames to stay a (while
" He like the *Salamander* bred in heat,
" The *Asbeston* was but her Child-bed sheet.
" *Bacchus* himself could not avoid this doom,
" *Jove* by a wound open'd his fertil womb.

" Let

" Let him his quondam ſacrifice now ſpare
" For all my Pigs in birth his *Rivals* are.

## *On the ſame.*

What ail's the Goddeſs that ſhe thus conſpire's
Againſt her ſelf to croſs her own deſires.
What Miſt'ry's this, ſhe's not yet is the ſame,
She changes natures as ſhe changes name.
Such a compendious way was never ſhown,
In this one deed both properties are known.
No mar'l the great *Latona* did complain,
And look'd to find a fixed place in vain:
Whilſt *Delos* floated, for it ſeems in thee,
All ſhe was big of, was *inconſtancy*.
See ſhe triumph's in Tragic-Comic ſhows,
Like Diamonds ſparkling underneath their blows
She had forgot her former art; and found,
There was no way to *ſave*, unleſs ſhe *wound*.

## *On the ſame.*

When on the Sow *Diana's* ſpite was ſhown,
Which not till wounded, was a Mother grown:
The little Pigs being frighted, durſt not ſtay,
But roſe, made their obeyſance, and away.

## *On Carpophorus the Hunter.*

What was the Hero *Meleager's* pride,
Which made him almoſt Deify'd,
By which he thought to get eternal fame,
Doth not deſerve a name;
Had not his courage bin by *Magic* fir'd;
The brand burnt out, valour and life expir'd.
*Carpophorus* don't envy 'm for't,
But count's it rather childiſh ſport:
His Miſtreſs *Atalanta* might
Have ſent that *Boar* to an eternal night.

2.

But when for *Cæſar's* pleaſure he muſt try,
His skill on this ſmall enemy,
He ſcorn's as others uſe to do,
To take th' advantage too
But bids a fair defiance to the foe.
Swifter than Lightning he doth run,
To be o'recome.
With his long Launce *Carpophorus* doth meet,
His rage and laies him at his feet.
*He ſtrook ſo quick he did ev'n death prevent,*
And left no track, which way the Weapon went.
Through his tough brawny neck ſo ſoon the Spear
A paſſage wrought, he ſeem'd to run ev'n here.

And

And yet the Bear's so big that He
Deserv'd to be
Taken to Heav'n, because o'recome by Thee.

3.

Now by the Victor's brave Command
A Lion's loos'd, who unconcern'd doth stand.
To see
So poor (as he thought) enemy.
Till casting's eyes o'th' bloody Bear just slain,
He roares amain,
And with an angry breath
Doth seem to thunder, "*I'll revenge thy death.*"
His sides then lashing with his tail
While the Spectators all grew pale.
The Fates themselves their Prophecies did doubt,
And thought they in our Hero's fate were out;
Now up the Lion's come,
To take his unexpected doom.
Our gallant Roman doth his strength defie,
And kill's him to augment his Victory.

4.

Now one would think he had no more to do,
Yes, yes: for He,
That both the Elements might give a true
Account of his brave Victory,

Com-

Commands a *Gryffon* to be brought
He was resolv'd his Honour should be bought,
By all the proofs of courage and of strength.
Th' *Amphibious* foe at length,
From out his den appears,
And gave a new addition to our fears.
Forward he flies, (wings,
Help'd both with *Nature's* and with *Anger's*
And breath's a bold defiance to the Skies,
Whilst th' Amphitheatre with clamors rings.
*Carpophorus* doth now advance,
And with extended Lance,
He cries, *Come on, or I will mend your pace.*
That said, he leaves him dead o'th place.
He's weary now and faints, you'l say: O no,
He's hot, and just now fit to meet a greater foe.

## *On* Hercules *taken up to Heaven, sitting on a Bull.*

What Stratagems are these? what shall we see?
Not Art but Piety.
*Cæsar* a proof of's Deity has given,
In spight o'th' *Gods* he'l force brave Men to Hea-
Or if he did it but in sport, (ven,
The coward gods mistake him for't
*Jove* quivers more than's *lightning*, and for fear,
Expel's one God to place this other there.

2.

2.

He's conscious that the *Bull* who ferried o're
*Europa* from the shore
For his small merit could not plead to be
Taken to Heav'n with as much right as he.
What though he plow'd the angry waves?
He could not fear to meet a Grave.
He had a Convoy from his *Brother's* Court,
'Twas not so much an *Enterprise* as *Sport.*

3.

In this design, success we well might fear,
Were not great *Cæsar* here?
Beyond the *Gods*, he can a pow'r dispence,
*Stars* act by *their's*, *they* by *influence.*
There's none but what will grant for true,
This th' greater wonder of the two,
He a *light Lady* carry'd o're the *Seas*,
Our's up to *Heav'n* the *mighty Hercules.*

## *On the Elephant kneeling to* Cæsar.

See how the pious *Elephant* fall's before
The Deity we all adore,
No more he'll reverence the Moon,
Nor any more the rising Sun,

No

No other Deity but this he'll own,
He's no *Apostate*, but a *Convert* grown.

2.

Why should you say he can nor kneel nor bow?
'Tis true he never did till now,
He met no object for his fear,
Till happy fate did bring him here,
Now he can perform both, his suppliant knee,
Is flexible, and he can kneel like me.

*Cæsar* would wrong the pious beast's intent,
To think it was a *complement*,
And that his Keeper taught him how
Before *His Majesty* to bow,
No he by *nat'ral instinct* flie's,
To worship *Emperors* and *Deities*.

## *The Tygre and the Lyon.*

The *Royal Lyon* in's own *Purple* lies!
Who was the Author of such villanies?
A *Tygre*? 't cannot be one that did come
But 'tother day a weanling unto *Rome*,
Who eat from's Keeper's hand, but just before
And lickt it o're, asking as 'twere for more.

He

He's fiercer now than his forsaken *Dam*
Who was before mild as a *Dove* or *Lamb*.
Whence comes it that he dares to be so bold?
*Rome's* hotter Clime hath thaw'd his innate cold.

## *The Bull and the Elephant.*

So cowards when provok'd to fight
With some below 'em both in bulk and might,
Proud of the conquest, all the world defie
And think there is no greater enemy.
Till forc'd t' engage for some abuse,
For which they rather huff, than seek excuse.
With (than themselves) a greater foe
They're beaten balk'd and ever dread a blow.
The *Bull* inrag'd by links and burning Straw
Attempts the *Pile* with no small success
Nothing can keep him now in aw,
But thinks that he can do no less
Attempting th' *Elephant* who unmov'd stood
Like rocks assaulted by the feebler blood.

## *On the two Gladiators.*

Whilst the divided multitudes debate,
To whom o'th' two belongs the Victor's fate,
One part cries out that *Assyrius* hath won
And shouts to applaud their own election.
The other half does for *Triumphus* cry.
And says his very name bears Victory.

Now one would think the Poles might soone
And th' extream cold be reconcil'd to th' heat,
Than these agree; Great *Cæsar* now is loath
To displease either, nor can please 'em both.
Yet he ha found a way, he let's both free
And says they equally share Victory.
What miracles by *Cæsar*'s wit are done!
H'as *reconcil'd* a *Contradiction*.

## On *Orpheus*.

Is't the *Platonic* year? that things act o're
Those Fates they underwent before?
How come's it we view *Orpheus's* Tragedy,
Whose scene before was *Thracian Rhodope*?
Excepting that 'tis all the same,
And differs only in the name.
The Poet sure did Prophesie his doom,
And gave an *Antitype* of what's to come.

2.

See how beneath a rev'rend oak, whose head
A flour'shing Canopie had spread,
Who had secure from wind two ages stood,
And now it self was almost grown a wood
It was so large that it might be
Alone th' reward of Victory.
That to each Roman it a Crown might yield,
For ev'ry *Cit'zen sav'd*, for ev'ry *en'mie kill'd*.

Sa

3.

Sat divine *Orpheus*, who now seem'd to be
Ravish'd with his own Harmonie.
On his proud hand the Prophet's head did lean,
One while he sleeps, then wakes, then sleeps again.
Who in so sweet a posture lay
That you might swear he still did play
And tun'd his silent *Lyre* though no one hears,
No more his Musick, than He that o'th' *Spheares*.

4.

The crowding Companies of bird and beast
Unwillingly do break his rest.
He wakes and see's how the Spectators throng,
To bless their sight with him, their ears with's song
First skirmishing on every string
They think na's done ere he begin.
He charms their happy senses at each close,
Who to his accents strive to mould their voice.

5.

Scarce had he finished a tune or two,
But *Philomel* for grief withdrew;
And all the rest who came did seem to be
So many Monuments of's Victorie.
Unmov'd they on each other gaze:
Admiring the sweet Poets lays.
*Orpheus* himself as much amaz'd did shew,
Ign'rant before how much his art could do.

6.

But ſtay! what wonders do from far appear,
What monſters theſe are drawing near? (ſtrain
With nodding heads whole woods attend thy
And Limping oaks come hopping on amain,
Their branches they for crutches have;
And leave their well acquainted grave,
And at his voice they put new vigour on
As at the General Creation.

7.

Now one would think when ſenſleſs things can be
Tranſported with his melody.
When *Lions* fierceneſs is by muſick bound
Nothing leſs mild could ever have been found.
When from the wood leaps out a *Bear*
Whoſe thick fur-ruff had ſtopt his ear.
Whoſe haſty *dam* had not quite *lick'd* him whole
Nor *Nature* finiſhed his *diſcord* Soul.

8.

To th' Poet ſtraight he cut's his furious way
Who now is made his wretched prey.
About the mount his ſacred limbs he flings
And after wreak's his ſpite upon his ſtrings.

His parting groans do raviſh more
Than all his playing did before,
Whoſe ſoul being with his body now at ſtrife,
A Dying groan is acted to the Life.

9.

This in our Theatre was really done;
And we make good the fiction.
Correct the Maps: if any ask you where
*Orpheus* was kill'd, ſay not, in *Thrace* but *here*:
If where *Paſiphae* did meet
Her am'rous *Bull*, 'twas *here* not *Crete*.
If here the skilful *Daedalus* liv'd, ſay *here*:
*Rome*, *Ceſar* and the *Gods* are *every where*.

## *On the Rhinocerot.*

The trembling keepers whilſt with Poles they try
To rouſe the grave *Rhinocerot*,
Who ſullingly o'er clotted ſand doth lye,
Nor can be rais'd by any Plot.

2

The grumbling multitude begin's to riſe
The Senators do quit their ſeat:
One banns the Coward beaſt, another cryes,
*Pox on him, 'tis the Keeper's cheat.*

3.

The beast by this had spied great *Cæsar* out
His negligence he will repay
And with a roar corrects the forward rout,
Who now were almost gone away.

4.

He's up by this and fiercely looking round
Expecting what his province is,
He frets and fumes, and tears the bloudy ground
And chides his Keepers Lazinesse.

5.

Then to the *Bear* he goes with a proud scorn,
He cast him quiv'ring up to th' Sky:
He thought he had a *Pila* on his horn.
This done he down again doth lie.

## *On Carpophorus.*

How quick *Carpophorus* does deal his blows!
How sure the *Doric* hunting spear he throws!
*Cupid*'s new feather'd Dart don't surer flie,
Nor what it alwaies brings *sure Destinie*.
Not with more ease huge *Milo* overthrew
*One Bull* with's brawny hand, than *this* doth *two*.

The

The *Buffs* thick hide could not himself defend,
The victor through and through his Sword doth send.
Rather than meet his spear the *Lion* runs
On twenty more, thus *Death by Death* he shuns.
There's something sure that keeps him free from harms
Besides the ladies pray'rs, & brawny arms.
His Soul and Body dipt in *Styx* have bin,
H'as lost both sense and fear of suffering.
Now let the Rabble say they've lost their time,
Absence, whilst he's a fighting, were a crime.
In future ages men shall think't a right
To quarrel, cause they've seen *Carpenter* fight.

## *On the Sea-fight.*

Who e're thou art from farthest parts art come
And hear'st 'em talk of naval fights,
Be not afraid nor wish thy self at home.
'Tis meant to please and not to fright.
For no one dare dispute great *Titus* right.

2.

At first you'l wonder how it comes to be
You heard not of this Ocean:
You've heard I hope of the *pacific Sea*,
But grant there's such a place and then
You must needs think at the first fight 'tis He.

3.

But ben't deceiv'd, my friend, 'tis no such thing,
For presently *Proteus* be gone,
It is a stately Theatre agen
Whilst you your self are looking on,
'Twas but a Maſque of *Neptune's* offering.

## *On Leander.*

Be not puft up nor proud with thy ſucceſs,
Acting 'fore *Caſar* make's it ſeem the leſs,
Thou needſt not pray that Stars propitious be
Nor wiſh th' *Ledean* brothers companie.
The Moon's pale light can here no pow'r diſ-
You ſwim ſecurely from her influence. (pence,
So *Caſar* look but on, you'l ſafer be,
Then lucky *Halcyons* brooding in the Sea.
Had you bin drown'd we all ſhould wonder more,
Than that you are come ſafe again to ſhore.
In carrying thee the *liquid Nymph* well knew,
She carry'd *Caſar* and his *fortune* too.
But poor *Leander's* task did harder prove:
Guarded with nought but innocence and Love,
He cut through th' waves by th'help of one poor
Which caſt an ominous & dreadful light. (light
The Stars did all withdraw as loath to ſee:
What they can't hinder the youth's Tragedy.

Hal

Half dead to Heav'n he lift's his fainting eies,
And thus bespake the angry Deities.
" Spare me great *Queen of Love*, and let me be,
" but blest once more with *Hero's* companie.
" Perhaps shee'l frown and then returning I
" Will court and woe you for my destiny.
" Or if she smile, both ways I happy prove,
" For then I dye crown'd with my Miss's Love.
He that did this for's Ladie, would have done
VVonders indeed, had *Titus* but look'd on.

## *On the Swimmers.*

'Twas not a greater pleasure once to see,
Th' *Ægyptian* Queen and *Anthony*:
VVhilst o're triumphant waves they flew,
To meet more pleasures than o're Lovers knew.
Their ship so rich, that it might be
*Lading* it self and *Merchandise*
VVithout the Royal Company
VVhose worth adds trebly to its price.
VVithin with Scarlet plush 'dis lin'd
The purple Ropes huge Em'ralds bind (*wind.*
The sails being *swel'd* with their own *pride*, not

2.

Than 'tis to see his watry troop appear.
And act before Great *Cæsar* here.

*Nereus*

*Nereus* loads up the youthful train
He bows to *Cæsar* then retires again.
And now begins the active sport,
The pliant *Nymph* does easily yield
Whom they in thousand shapes do court
Oft traversing the watr'y field.
These on their backs the *Sea-crab* do
Those bending do like *Anchors* shew,
And here youth's both *Ship* and *Rudder* too.

3.

All things these *Tritons* act so to the life,
*Pluto* himself's at strife,
About his lot, and says that he,
As well as *Neptune* now has got a *Sea*.
*Nymphs* after this will learn more wit
When here so many tricks are done,
Then only now and then to sit,
And bask 'em in the scorching Sun
When here so many sports are seen
They'l gladly learn of our young men
And only wish to see 'em o're agen.

## *On Carpophorus.*

How happy 'twas for us
No age till this br ught forth *Carpophorus*,
Should he have liv'd before
We had not wherewithal to store

Our

Our Theatre with beasts the age to come
In him had lost Monsters ne're yet wa seen
This Structure then had useless been
To *Cæsar* and to *Rome*.
*Theseus* could not have rais'd his glory on
The *Marathonian Bull's* destruction.
*Alcides* had not glory'd in
The spoil of the huge Lion's skin
Who did so much on th' conquest doat,
He wore it ever after for his coat.
*Diana* then in vain had sent
For bold *Oeneus* punishment
A vast destroying Boar our *Hero* had
Without his *Son* a victim made
By one brave stroak to death the *Hydra'd* past
Had he as many heads at first as last.
Had he been put in *Jason's* place
Without the help of curst *Medea's Grace*
The flaming *Bulls* would quickly be
Sent down to *Pluto's* cookery.
No *Virgin* then had been expos'd, to be
A prey to Monsters Luxury.
*Andromeda* would owe her safety too
Not *Hercules* but *You*,
Who in *one day* have got more fame then he
By *all his Victory*.

On

## *On the Sea-fight.*

That which alone got great *Augustus* fame,
'Mongst *Titus*'s merits scarce deserve's a name
Let his brave *Naval fight* now silent be,
'Tis swallow'd in this *sportive Victory*.
*Thetis* admires these floating Palaces
And wonders she ne're saw the like o'th' Seas.
Not more confusion did of old appear
When blustring *Neptune* summon'd far and near
The winds and pregnant clouds to a new birth
To shake their dewy fleeces on the earth,
To punish the inhospitable deed
Of curst *Lycaon*, in his cursed seed.
Have you beheld at the *Olympic* Game
How ev'ry *Hero* covetous of's fame
Drives on his dusty Chariot in the croud
And looks like *Phœbus* muffl'd in a cloud?
Each *Triton* moves so fast that one would swear,
Their wat'ry Chariots rais'd a dust ev'n here.
All places now but this we useless call
We in the *Amphitheatre* have all.
What can't our Emp'rour after this command
Since he has made a *Sea fight* on the *Land*.

## *On Priſcus and Verus Gladiators.*

Whilſt the two *Heros* do maintain their right
With like ſucceſs in a long tedious fight.
But 'tis no mar'l ſince *fortune's* blind that ſhe
Looks on them equally.
Th' impatient multitude does cry
That one of them ſhall die.
And what impartial chance has wrought
The fooliſh rabble make's the Victor's fault.

2.

But *Caſar* ſtudies how he both may ſave
With the ſame grace to *Myrinus* he gave,
And does in ſpight of other Emp'rours ſhew
That he rules *paſſions* too,
He gives to both their liberty,
To both gives Victory.
Before his daies 'twas never ſaid
That when two *fought* neither was *vanquiſhed.*

## *To His Majeſty.*

Pardon the haſty *Ofspring* of my Muſe
Which ſhe at once *conceiv'd* and did *produce.*
For *Caſar's* royal word by charming might,
*Can* dub a *Poet* as he does a *Knight.*

My

My hasty zeal, I hope, may pardon win
'Twas my *Allegiance* that did make me *sin*.
Th' *Abortive issue* yet I hope may live,
If *Cæsar* shall but grant it a Reprieve.
That *seven months births* live alwaies longer then
The *eighth*, which seldom come to be old men.

## *The End*

I've done: and now methinks I see,
All the whole crowd of *Critics* censuring me.
*Damn him*, says one, *this does not* hit,
" H'a spoil'd the *sense* to shew as he thinks *wit*.
" Pox of his foolish Poetry:
" There cannot be a *Bear-baiting* but he,
" Makes Verses but in far worse tone
" Then he that writes of mighty *Wilbrington*,
A prize at *Wheatly* to rehearse,
" He thinks an ample subject for his Verse.
" Besides he does't as others do.
" I'th' end for th' *Gentle Reader's Candor* sue.
" All this consider'd 'tis but just
" He's sent, *Ashes to ashes, dust to dust*
Is this my Accusation? yet
*I'm Sturdy*, and like *Dryden*, *won't submit*.
Unless to *Cowly*, *Denham*, *Fanshaw*, and,
The rest of the almighty Poet band
That writ before me: now the *Devil's in't*;
If I b'ent best, till the next comes in Print.

FINIS.